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LINLITHGOW PALACE.

## Original Communications.

### LINLITHGOW PALACE.

In our excursion to Scotland, after visiting a few of the principal antiquities with which it abounds, we arrived at Linlithgow, a picturesque town situated upon a lake, or lin, from which it is supposed the town took its name. Night was fast approaching, but that, coupled with the fatigue of a day's journey, did not prevent us from having an immediate view of the town and its antiquities. We first bent our steps towards the venerable ruin of Linlithgow Palace, which is situated upon a rising ground on

the south side of the lake. Edward the First was the founder of this castle, and made it his residence for a whole winter. At the death of this prince, it was taken by a Scotsman of the name of Binny, by whom it was demolished, and it is not known who rebuilt it.

We entered. The interior is richly embellished and sculptured, and over a gate are niches that in former times held the statues of a pope and a cardinal, and which, if we give credit to the legend, were erected

by James the Fifth, in compliment to his holiness for a present of a consecrated sword and helmet. On an outward gate, detached from the building, are the four orders of knighthood which his majesty bore—the Garter, Thistle, Holy Ghost, and Golden Fleece.

The square within the palace is rather handsome, but has one thing which helps slightly to mar the effect—one side more modern than the others. The window pediments are neatly carved, and bear the date of 1619.

We entered a spacious room about ninety-five feet long, thirty feet six inches wide, and thirty-three feet high. At one end is a gallery with three arches. After visiting several chambers, we at length came to one, which was pointed out to us as being that in which the unfortunate Queen Mary first drew breath.

We next visited the church, at the south-east corner of the palace, which is rather handsome, were it not for its disgraceful floor. It is, nevertheless, a noble piece of Gothic architecture, 182 feet long, 100 broad, and 60 high, with a spire at the west end, ornamented by an imperial crown. The man who performed the duty of *cicerone* pointed out the spot where the personated apparition appeared to James IV. while meditating the fatal expedition to England; and which apparition, as Lindsay states, "vanished like a blink of the sun or a whiff of a whirlwind." As the story which he relates is brief, and as it is told with true simplicity, we will take this opportunity of inserting it in our columns:—

"The king came to Linlithgow, where he happened to be at the time for the council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this meantime there came a man clad in a blue gown in at the *kirk door*, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth; a pair of bottrikins on his feet to the great of his legs, with all other hose and close conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head, but syde red yellow hair behind, and on his hofits, which was down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two and fifty years, with a great pike staff in his hand; and came first forward among the lords, crying and spearing for the king, saying he desired to speak with him; while at the last he come where the king was sitting in the desk at his prayers; but when he saw the king, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down groflings on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner as after follows:—'Sir King, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass at this time where thou art purposed; for if thou dost, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that

passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee mell with no women, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.'"

We left the chapel. The sun had disappeared, leaving behind it ruddy streaks, which gave a sombre hue to the dilapidated walls. We stood for several minutes contemplating the grandeur of the scene, while the events of the sixteenth century flashed across our memory. Mary of Guise had, like the victims of the Reformation, passed away; and Scotland's queen, she for whom blood had flowed, who brought with her turmoil and devastation, was like the works of man, short lived. It is singular, that out of so much anarchy, so many assassinations and foul murders, peace should come. In that very castle, now daily tumbling into ruin, Mary of Guise might be said to have engendered crime. Mary Stuart engendered peace, and that which is heavenly, the pure spirit of religion; James the Sixth was the result of the fatal, yet fortunate, union of Mary and Darnley.

On our way to the inn we saw the gallery where Hamilton stood when he shot the Regent Murray.

### New Books.

#### *New Monthly Magazine, April, 1842.*

AMIDST a number of amusing and cleverly written articles, this number contains one, by the author of "Peter Priggings," that is not only interesting, but gives sketches of character which the mind fondly dwells upon, they are so amiable, so devoted, and noble. The following is the most interesting portion of the story; it is entitled

#### THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

Among the arrivals of students at Oxford, at the commencement of a term, many years ago, a plainly, but respectably dressed lady, of the name of Pauperly, and her son,—a young man, whose pale cheeks and wan appearance proclaimed the invalid, or the overwrought student,—entered the Mitre Hotel. Before the author, however, proceeds with his story, he gives a history of the younger days of the lady, who had incurred the displeasure of her wealthy parents by marrying a minor canon.

"Mrs. Pauperly had but one child—a son; upon him, of course, she doted. Pauperly, as soon as the boy was old enough, knowing the errors of the home system of education, sent him to the Cathedral school, where he made such rapid progress in his learning, and shewed such a decided superiority over those of his own age, that he resolved to send him to college, and for that

purpose stunted himself and his wife, who readily submitted to the deprivation of every luxury, and of many of the necessities of life.

"In the midst of these his plans for the future welfare of his son, he was suddenly cut off. A violent cold, caught by doing duty in a damp country church, being neglected, terminated fatally. Mrs. Pauperly was left a widow, with a son of seventeen years of age, and fifty pounds per annum. This sum was augmented by a pension of thirty pounds from the Widow's Fund, and a sum of sixty pounds, which she purchased as an annuity, with the amount of the insurance on her husband's life, and the sale of his furniture and effects.

"With this 140*l.* per annum, she resolved to carry out the plans which her husband had laid down for his son. She consulted the Dean on the best means of doing so. He wrote to his friend, the Principal of — Hall, on the subject. He received an answer from that kindhearted man, recommending the mother to come up and take lodgings for herself and son in Oxford, where they could live cheaply together, as James Pauperly could not have rooms in — Hall, while it was undergoing certain repairs.

"Thus, I have briefly accounted for the appearance of Mrs. Pauperly and her son at the Mitre Inn, and for the request made to the landlady to seek for a respectable lodging for them. A sitting-room and two bed-rooms were provided, in a small house in one of the back-streets, of which possession was taken that very evening. On the Monday following, James Pauperly was matriculated and admitted a commoner of — Hall.

"I have said that he looked pale and delicate. The fact is, that he was constitutionally strong and healthy, but he had been reading very hard—indeed, unnecessarily so—to prepare himself for college. The noble sacrifice made by his mother for his advancement in life made such an impression upon him, that he resolved to requite it by the most strenuous exertions. He was determined to succeed in gaining the highest honours in the university, if those honours were to be obtained by perseverance. He rose early, and late took rest. The hours that ought to have been dedicated to exercise and recreation were devoted to study. The consequence may easily be foreseen. The bloom left his cheeks, his eye lost its brilliancy, and his brow became contracted. His appetite failed. He was nervous and dyspeptic.

"The Dean saw this, and though he appreciated his close application to his books, he warned him that the very method he had adopted to acquire fame as a scholar, would be the surest means of defeating his wishes.

He told his mother also, and wrote to the Principal of — Hall to the same effect. Dr. —, therefore, before he allowed him to attend a single lecture, called in a medical man, and requested him to lay down a system of alternate study and exercise suited to his bodily health, or, rather, want of health.

"This kindly effected, Pauperly was introduced to his tutor, Mr. Pensive, a quiet, gentlemanly man, and exactly suited for the management of a youth of his habits and temperature. Mr. Pensive was a laborious student, and had made himself a sound scholar, more by rigid application than by natural ability. He still read, and read very hard. He took a certain measured quantity of exercise and food daily. He allowed himself but one indulgence—that was a newspaper. In this, however, his habit was peculiar, for he never read one until he had finished the preceding. As he sometimes had not time to look at a paper for a week together, he got behindhand in his reading; still he went plodding on, and filing them as regularly as if they were new ones, and certainly found quite as much entertainment from the perusal of them, though they were in 'arrear.'

"Pauperly was not aware of this peculiarity in his tutor's character, until one day, while he was sitting with him, he looked up from his paper and very gravely observed—

" 'Bless me! what a shocking fire!'

" 'Indeed, sir; where?'

" 'Why, Drury-lane Theatre is burnt down,' said Mr. Pensive.

" 'What, *again*, sir?' inquired Pauperly, 'it was burnt down about two years ago.'

" 'Yes,' said Mr. Pensive, 'that is just the date I've got to.'

"Pauperly, upon inquiry, was fully informed of the system upon which his tutor read the newspapers, and ceased to wonder at the *old news* which sometimes formed the subject of his lighter conversation.

"Dr. — and Mr. Pensive both offered to introduce Pauperly to some of the best men in the Hall, but he respectfully declined the offer, assuring them that he had neither the means, nor the time, nor the inclination, to enter into society. His only companion was his mother—his kind, his devoted mother.

"After reading up and attending his lectures, he walked with her for a certain time. They then returned to their humble meal. After dinner Pauperly pursued his studies, and for one hour in the course of the evening, sought the assistance of Mr. Pensive in getting up his sciences. This assistance was willingly given, though not paid for—as the tutor knew that his pupil could not afford to pay for private lectures. The only recompence he would receive was

from Mrs. Pauperly, who performed certain little offices with her needle for him, such as hemming handkerchiefs and marking linen, which are really valuable to a college tutor.

"In his seventh term, Pauperly went up for his little-go, as the first examination is termed; as it consists principally of an inquiry into, or investigation of, the candidate's knowledge of grammar and logic, or mathematics, he found but little difficulty in securing his *testamur*, and the thanks of the examiners—the masters of the schools—for the efficient manner in which he had got up his books.

"At this period, a scholarship, or, more correctly speaking, an exhibition, of thirty pounds per annum, to last for four years, was left, by will, to — Hall, by one of its former members. An advertisement appeared, calling upon all young men, under a certain standing in the university, who chose to do so, to come forward as candidates. A list of seventeen names was sent in to the Principal: among them appeared that of James Pauperly.

"The nature of the examination intended to be adopted was explained to him by Dr. — and Mr. Pensive; and as he knew his books tolerably well, he devoted the intervening time to practising prose Latin writing and versification.

"The day arrived. Pauperly, with an agitated manner, left his mother, who spent the day in prayer for her son's success. She could do nothing else, had she felt so inclined, for he was her all, her only hope, and on his success, in the event of anything befalling her, his future support depended. The clock struck four, the hour when the examinations were to terminate, and the name of the successful candidate to be announced. Mrs. Pauperly placed her chair near the window, to watch for her son's coming, in order that she might learn his success or failure from his looks, ere he entered the house. A long, tedious, almost unendurable hour elapsed. The clock struck again, but still he came not. The shades of night had fallen on the deserted streets, and the mother left the window, despairing of her son's success, as she knew he would hasten to communicate the joyful tidings to her before any one else. The chimes from New College tower announced the hour of six. The feelings of the widowed parent were wrought to such a painful height, that her heart beat violently and audibly; her pulses throbbed; and her breathing was impeded. She poured out a glass of spring-water, and was raising it to her parched lips, when she heard a rapid, joyful step approaching. The glass fell from her hand. She knew it was the footstep of her son, and she *felt* that he was successful. Her tears burst forth, and relieved the oppres-

sion on her heart and lungs, and, ere she had time to finish a thanksgiving to the great Protector of the widow and orphan, her son was embracing her. He could only say—'Dearest mother, I have triumphed,' before he sank on the sofa, exhausted with fatigue and joy.

"When he was sufficiently recovered, and had partaken of some slight refreshment, which his mother insisted upon his doing, he explained the cause which had delayed his return. It appeared, at the termination of the examination, that the papers and *viva voce* of himself and one other candidate were judged to be so nearly upon an equality that it was difficult to decide between them. It had been resolved by the examiners to put them on in one more book, and to give them one more paper each. The work was done and handed in. In half an hour—a most painful half hour to both the men—Dr. — announced that Mr. Pauperly was the successful candidate for the exhibition; but that Mr. Ploddington, his opponent, had passed so excellent an examination, that he could not allow him to leave the Hall without thanking him publicly, and begging his acceptance of a few books.

"What a happy, joyful evening was that to the mother and her son—the widow and her orphan child! All the sacrifices made by the one were more than recompensed; all the painful applications—the nights and days of toil spent by the other, were forgotten—blotted out of his memory. They were too happy to talk, but sat holding each other's hand, and expressing, by their looks alone, the joy, the gratitude that filled their hearts. Just as their feelings began to border on the painful, from their intensity, a knock was heard at the door, footsteps sounded on the staircase, and Mr. Pensive was ushered in by the maid, palpitating from the unusual speed at which he had hurried from the Hall, to congratulate his pupil and his mother on the event of the day.

"'And, I am happy to add,' said Mr. Pensive, 'that the French have been beaten at Talavera.'

"'Why, that, sir, is more than two years and a half ago,' said Mrs. Pauperly.

"'Very likely, my dear madam, very likely; but I am only just come to it in the papers.'

"Mr. Pensive having thus accounted for his arrears of news, intimated a wish to be allowed to take his tea, and spend the evening with his pupil and his mother.

"'He felt,' he said, 'there could be no impropriety in it, though it was not usual for college tutors to visit widows; but then her son was present—there could not be anything wrong in it.'

"Mrs. Pauperly smiled, and assured him that there *could* not.

"The evening was passed in laying down plans for the future. Pauperly had resolved to try, not only for a first class in classics and mathematics, but for the prizes offered by the university for the best Latin and English essay, and for the best Latin and English verses. In this he was encouraged by his tutor, who knew that the gaining of these public honours advanced a young man's interest in life more, by a great deal, than any one thing again. His mother did not discourage him; though, when she heard the list of books necessary to be read and got up, to ensure only one first-class, she feared that his health would be injured, and his strength fail him.

"When Pauperly commenced his course of study, his mother longed to be able to assist him. But how could she do it? she, who knew nothing of Latin or Greek. She was resolved to try. She saw that much time was consumed in looking out words in dictionaries and lexicons, and, by practice, she soon acquired the ability to do so. She made herself acquainted with the Greek character, and to her son's great surprise, afforded him much assistance.

"She could also aid him in another way. When he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Greek text and construction of his plays, he read them off to her in English, translating them as freely as possible, while she compared his rendering of them with some able English version.

"He was also greatly assisted in his labours, especially in the mathematics, by his rival for the — Hall exhibition, Mr. Ploddington. This young man, though annoyed at being beaten by Pauperly, was so much pleased with his manners and conduct during the examination, that he made further inquiries respecting him. The answers to those inquiries were so satisfactory that he determined, albeit he was a Ch. Ch. man, and a younger scion of a good family, to make of him an acquaintance, and, if possible, a friend.

"He called on him, and invited him to his rooms. Pauperly declined, and modestly assigned his reasons for so doing—'he was too proud to accept invitations which he was too poor to be able to return.' Ploddington endeavoured to reason away the objection in his case, but Pauperly was firm, and his mother applauded his firmness. At the same time, she told him that she should be happy to see his new acquaintance at their lodgings, whenever he was disposed to favour them with his company.

"Ploddington, finding it was useless to argue the matter further, was glad to consent to this arrangement; and, knowing that they could mutually benefit one another, he spent many of his evenings at Pauperly's. Several baskets of game, poultry, and fish, came, directed to Mrs. Pauperly; and,

strange to say, she could never find out by whom they were sent. Pauperly had his suspicions, but he thought it unnecessary to give vent to them, and so deprive his mother of such little luxuries as her income could not allow her to indulge in, and also deprive the sender, who he knew could afford the expense, of the gratification of seeing her enjoy them.

"At his intimacy with Mr. Ploddington, both Dr. — and Mr. Pensive were greatly pleased, as they trusted that, at the end of his university career, it might be the means of introducing him into good society. They both felt that his success, of which they doubted not, would justify him in seeking it.

"During the long vacation, while Ploddington was absent from Oxford, and reading with a private tutor in the country, Pauperly again devoted so much time to reading, that his health, unperceived by his mother, began to fail him. He felt that he was ill—really, seriously ill—not so much by his rapid pulse, failing appetite, and sleepless nights, as by the disrelish he began to feel for his books, and the different views he entertained of the value of academical success. He almost resolved to give up the pursuit of fame—to take a common-pass degree, and retire from Oxford, unknown and unknown. The sight of his mother, however—the knowledge that she would be greatly and grievously disappointed at the failure of the hopes and expectations which she had formed of him, urged him on—on—on, until human nature could bear no more. His hands trembled, his eyes became dim, his voice lost its cheerful tones, and one day, as he sat reading to his mother, a giddiness attacked his brain, his eyes lost the power of vision, and he fell back, fainting, in his chair.

"His mother, in great alarm, sent for the physician who had previously attended him by the advice of Dr. —, who, with Mr. Pensive, was spending the recess at the sea-side. On his arrival, he informed her of the cause of her son's relapse, and insisted on his taking daily rides in a gig at first, and afterwards on horseback, into the country, until he had recovered his health. Mrs. Pauperly promised that his orders should be strictly attended to; but while she was absent for a few minutes, her son told the physician that he could not consent to the plan, as his mother's income was too small to enable her to bear the expense.

"'Nobly spoken,' said the doctor; 'and as I ride out daily, and shall be glad of a companion, you shall accompany me.'

"'But my mother? I must not leave her.'

"'Plenty of room in the carriage,' said the doctor. 'She shall ride, too; it will do her good.'

"By the kind and judicious attention of the good-hearted physician—who refused to take a single fee from the widow and orphan—Pauperly was sufficiently restored to enable him to do what he had long determined on—to try for the English prize poem, known as 'the Newdigate,' and to write an English essay. The very change from reading philosophy and history, in the dead languages, to the less burdensome task of writing and composing in his native tongue, was a great relief to him. He found the truth of

\* Mutatis studiis, levior fit labor.\*

"When the long vacation was over, and Ploddington returned to college, his first act was to call on his friend. He was shocked to see the change which illness had effected in him. He left him, and having learnt from the widow the name of the physician who had attended him, he called on him and begged him to tell him truly the state of his friend's health, and the means best calculated to restore it.

"The doctor told him that less study, a little port wine, with plenty of air and horse exercise, would speedily renovate his frame.

"In a few days a hamper of port came down by the London waggon directed to Mrs. Pauperly, and by some extraordinary chance *two* horses were sent up to Oxford for Mr. Ploddington; and as he could only ride one at a time, he begged of Pauperly as a great favour to mount the other, just to keep him in exercise.

"Pauperly saw through the scheme, squeezed his friend's hand, and mounted.

"The physician's words came true. The sick and weakly student was restored to health and strength. The Principal was delighted; and Mr. Pensive, in the excess of his joy, assured them that the allies had taken Badajos by storm, which had surrendered some three years before, though he had 'only just come to it in the newspapers.'

"Winter passed, and its frost melted before the sun of spring. Nature put on her new gown of green to greet him. Oxford began to fill with strangers—lions and lionesses, as the young men call them. Colleges and halls were visited, the broad walk promenaded, and carriages rolled along, conveying their fair burdens to see the beauties of Blenheim and Nuneham. The commemoration was at hand.

"The morning of the day—a genial day of June—dawned bright and beautiful. Not a cloud shewed itself to throw a gloom upon the important business which was to be transacted at the theatre. Soon after nine o'clock, crowds of graduates and undergraduates were seen wending their way from all parts of Oxford to the common centre of attraction. Broad-street was filled with car-

riages, which, creeping along one after the other, deposited their elegantly-dressed contents at the front gate of the theatre. These ladies were admitted at once, and took their seats in the lower circle. Shortly after these seats were filled, other doors were opened to admit the masters and the male visitors to the area. In a few minutes more the remainder of the gates were thrown open, and in rushed the undergraduates, pushing, squeezing, and thrusting each other up the staircases, amidst shoutings, bellowsings, the rending of gowns, and cracking of caps, anxious to gain a good seat in the upper gallery. As half an hour had to be passed, of course it was better to let it pass merrily. Cheers were given for 'the ladies,' mingled hisses and groans for 'the proctors.' Approval or disapproval of the conduct of the respective 'heads of houses' followed, and though last, not least, a very plain and marked opinion on the various political characters of the day.

"Amidst all this din and uproar—at which the ladies always laugh—God bless them!—for it is the din and uproar of high-spirited young gentlemen—the great doors were thrown open, the organ gave vent to its solemn peal, and the Vice-chancellor, preceded by the beaules, bearing the insignia of their office, and followed by a long train of doctors, the rear being brought up by the proctors, passed through the alley made for him in the area, and took his seat in the chair appropriated to him. As he and the heads of houses and the proctors filled their hitherto vacant places, the shouts of applause, and the hisses of disapproval, were renewed with such superior vigour and force, as proved that the shouts antecedent to their appearance had been a mere rehearsal.

"The honorary degrees were, in the first place, conferred, after the opening of the convocation, in due form, by the Vice-chancellor, upon those individuals whom the university deemed worthy of so distinguished a mark of her favour. As each newly created D.C.L., *honoris causâ*, took his seat among the doctors, he was greeted with the warmest cheers from all parts of the theatre.

"When this was finished, the Public Orator, and the Professor of Poetry, went through the parts assigned them, making long Latin speeches, much to the edification of the undergraduates, who would not listen to them, and of the ladies, who did not understand one word that was uttered. Then came the Latin and English essays—next, the Latin verses, recited by Ploddington, the winner of the prize. All these successful candidates for university honours were received, both at the commencement and termination of their exercise, with the loudest and most heart-cheering applause.

"When Ploddington had retired from the



rostrum, all eyes were turned to it in anxious expectation of seeing the successful candidate for the most popular of all the prizes, the Newdigate English verse. A delay, an unaccountable delay took place. Five minutes had nearly elapsed when Ploddington returned, and led into the place which he had just before quitted, a tall, pale young man, who seemed too weak and too ill to go through the duties which his success had imposed upon him. He bowed to the Vice-chancellor, and cast an imploring glance, as if for succour, upon all around him. A burst of applause shook the building. Again and again it was renewed, and would have been prolonged to a painful length, had not the Vice-chancellor risen, and waved his hand for silence. The shouts subsided, and the assembly was as still as some deserted charnel-house.

"Pauperly—for it was he—commenced the recitation of his poem in a voice melodious, but so subdued, that the first line or two were scarcely heard. As he warmed with his subject, however, the tones of his voice increased, and his confidence in himself was restored. He delivered his fifty lines, on a popular subject, in a way at once so manly and impressive, that every heart was affected, every eye was moistened. When he concluded, the plaudits were renewed, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs to express their pleasure and delight,—all but *one*—a lady dressed in a widow's mourning-suit—who fainted at the close of the recitation.

"Bless my soul," said Mr. Pensive, "it is Mrs. Pauperly—his mother. It puts me in mind of what I read in the paper to-day about Lady Pumpkin, who fainted at the opera, and was carried off by two dukes."

"Why that was three years and a half ago," said the M.A. to whom he had spoken. "I should not wonder," replied Pensive, "but that is just where I am come to."

"Joy seldom kills. Mrs. Pauperly soon recovered, and was conveyed by her son to the dining-room in — Hall, where Dr. — had invited a large party to take refreshments, and where, as a reward for his success and general good conduct, he, before the assembled company, presented Pauperly with thirty pounds' worth of useful books.

"Pauperly was thus instigated to study on, under the care and superintendence of his kind physician. Thrice more did he appear in the rostrum of the theatre as a prize-man, and once too with his friend Ploddington.

"When he went up for his final examination he was successful. He was sitting with his mother and Mr. Pensive waiting for the class list to come out. Ploddington rushed into the room with it in his hand, and pointed to his own name and that of his friend, which appeared together in the

first class, in *litteris humanioribus*, as well as in *mathematicis et physicis*. The curtain must fall upon the scene that ensued.

"Years have passed, reader, since the events I have recorded took place. Where, you may ask, is Mr. Pauperly now? How did his painful but successful course of study profit him? Were his toils rewarded?

"If you can gain access some day during the sitting of parliament to the House of Lords, do so. Stand behind the bar, or in the gallery, and cast your eyes on the benches to the right of the throne. They are the seats appropriated to the bishops, as lords spiritual. You may observe a tall, pale prelate, with a benevolent countenance and an eye beaming with talent. That tall, pale man, in the becoming dress of his order, was James Pauperly, the poor exhibitioner of — Hall, Oxford; now he is James, by divine permission, Lord Bishop of —.

"The noble lord who has just crossed the house, and is shaking hands with him, is now Baron —. He was Ploddington of Ch. Ch.; he sits as a retired judge.

"And where is Mrs. Pauperly?

"If you feel disposed to call at the parsonage in the parish of —, in the county of Kent, you will see an aged but hale lady, sitting with solemn face and pretending to listen to the divine, her husband, who is reading with great gusto a newspaper five years old. Need I say that their names are Mr. and Mrs. Pensive, or that a mother's joy and gratitude conquered the regrets of a widow, and induced her to become for the second time—a wife?

"So successfully terminated 'the struggle for fame.'"

## DISEASES OF THE EAR.

### No. II.

I HEARD the late Sir Astley Cooper state to a distinguished personage, in the presence of an eminent physician, that, in his opinion, there was no hospital or general surgeon who was at all acquainted with the proper treatment of diseases of the organ of hearing; and in corroboration of his opinion may be adduced the horrible case of a boy, aged seven years, who, being taken to Bartholomew's Hospital, in November, 1830, in consequence of a *supposition* that he had put the round head of a nail into his left ear, died in a few hours after the violent attempts made to extract it. On a careful dissection, no vestige of a nail could be found; but the whole of the bony part of the auditory passage had been torn away piecemeal during the operation! (*Vide Lancet*, No. 380, p. 380.)

August 19, 1835, a little girl, about five years old, died at the London Hospital, through having put a pebble into her ear

while at play. Inflammation of the brain came on through the attempts to extract it. (*Vide Weekly Dispatch*, Aug. 23, 1835.)

At another metropolitan hospital, a boy died from cerebral disease, brought on by the *maladroito* endeavours used to extract a cherry-stone from his ear.

At the Lincoln Infirmary, a girl was dismissed, in 1825, suffering great pain in consequence of having the head of a pin in her ear, which the surgical officers of that institution were unable to extract.

Some years ago a boy was taken to a provincial infirmary with a cockchaffer alive in his ear, and died there in the greatest agony.

Now, if at these institutions there existed a competent knowledge of aural surgery, such cases could not have occurred; but even the proper method of examining the ear, the primary step, is unknown.

When any substance obtains admission into the ear, parents sometimes, in their nervous state of excitement, do much mischief in the endeavour to extract it, and often force the stone, or whatever may be the extraneous matter, down into the bony part of the canal; and incompetent practitioners do even worse by violent endeavours to remove it; the safest plan is to let the substance remain until competent assistance can be obtained; for if the ear be not irritated, little mischief will be occasioned for days, weeks, months, or even years. As instances,—I have a small shell I extracted after it had been in the ear four years; a pea which had been there four years and a half; the head, part of the body, and wings of a wasp, in the same situation, five years; and numerous other substances.

A girl four years and a half old was taken to the Charing Cross Hospital, August, 1838, with a stone in her ear; the surgeons failed in extracting it; but forced it across the passage. The director, who first called my attention to the Bartholomew's Hospital case, sent the child to me; I found the ear tumefied and sore; ordered a lotion of the subacetated liquor of lead to be applied frequently warm, and next morning extracted the stone without the least difficulty or pain: it is of an irregular triangle shape, three-eighths of an inch long, and each side of the base a quarter of an inch broad.

It is nearly impossible to give rules for the extraction of substances from the auditory passage; but, generally, I find hooks of various kinds and sizes, passed down flat-wise between the substance and the integuments of the ear, and turned when beyond it, the safest and best.

It is a vulgar error in this country to suppose that earwigs have any propensity to get into the ear more than any other cavity; all insects will do so when the au-

ditory passage is dry. The attempts they make to escape are very annoying and irritating, but easily remedied: let the ear be filled with warm water, in which some white soap has been dissolved, and have the ear syringed; or, if the insect be large, fill the ear with warm oil of almonds, or olive oil, which will speedily destroy the life of the intruder; which may then be extracted by any competent person, at a subsequent period.

Some few years ago, the case of a young man in Ireland was mentioned in the *Morning Herald*, who had had a horse leech extracted from his ear; but died in an hour and a half afterwards. Now, in this instance, common salt would have destroyed the life of the reptile; whereas, by forcibly removing it, inflammation of the brain was induced, and the man lost his life.

About twenty-five years since, a gentleman had forty maggots extracted from his ear, in consequence of his having crushed a large blue-bottle fly in that cavity, which had entered it. I extracted from the ear of a merchant, at Bristol, the outer skin of a maggot, which had no doubt dropped into his auditory passage while he was in his store of salted and dried provisions. The insect was in a chrysaline state when it entered; and the fly attaining maturity, passed out, leaving the shell behind; for he never experienced any pain, and only consulted me in consequence of a trifling deafness and rattling noise on that side.

W. WRIGHT.

(To be continued.)

## NATIONAL GALLERY.

No. V.

### JOHN THE BAPTIST PREACHING.

THE subject of this fine painting, by Pietro Francesco Mola, is from the gospel of St. John, which mentions that the Jews sent persons into the desert to inquire of John the Baptist who he was. The narrative also says, that "they who were sent were of the Pharisees." This—from the figures represented—has been the idea of the painter; for he has grouped together a well-dressed woman, a turbaned Pharisee, and a man of scarcely inferior grade, who seem listening attentively to the somewhat novel, yet divine doctrine. At the distance of some fifty yards or so, towards the right, we behold the Saviour approaching; and the Baptist, from his gesture, appears to be giving utterance to the remarkable apostrophe—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me, for he was before me." This *tableau* is an instance of



Mola's successful combination of the two branches of painting—landscape and figure—which are in perfect unison, and have a fine mellow tone pervading the performance.

This artist was, according to some writers, born at Lugano, in 1609; others assert that he was a native of Coldra, in the district of Colma, and born in the year 1621. After minute research, we give credence to the former statement, having every reason to believe that it is correct. He first received instruction from Guiseppe d'Arpino, and afterwards distinguished himself under Albano. Observing the grand effect of the colouring of Guercino, he applied himself with renewed zeal, went to Venice, studied the works of Titian, Tintoretto, Bassan, and Paola Veronese, and formed for himself a style, at once elegant, bold, and beautiful. The name of Mola soon spread through Italy, and his talent as a painter was acknowledged even by his rivals. At Rome,

several churches and chapels were enriched with historical paintings, designed from the sacred writings; and for Pope Alexander VII. he painted the history of Joseph and his Brethren, for which, besides a noble recompence, he received the greatest encomiums.

Mola, though successful as an historical painter, shewed a greater degree of genius in his landscapes; for his trees are admirably designed, his distances well calculated, and his scenes in the *ensemble* having the look of nature, life, and truth. As a designer, few could excel him; and his figures, particularly those introduced into landscapes, are in good taste, with a free expression. In point of imagination, he was lively, ready of invention, and in his pencilling shews great spirit and freedom. He died in 1665, whilst preparing for a journey to Paris, having been appointed painter to the Court of France.



JOHN THE BAPTIST PREACHING.

### Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

#### "THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

#### LETTER XIV.—(Concluded.)

THE Rhine, that noble flood, which the Romans named *Rhenus superbus*, bore at one time upon its surface bridges of boats, over which the armies of Italy, Spain, and France poured into Germany, and which, at a later date, served the hordes of barbarians

when rushing into the ancient Roman world; at another, floated peaceably the fir-trees of Murg and of Saint Gall, the porphyry and the marble of Bale, the salt of Karlshall, the leather of Stromberg, the quicksilver of Lansberg, the wine of Johannisberg, the slates of Coab, the cloth and earthenware of Wallendar, the silks and linens of Cologne. It majestically performs its double function of flood of war and flood of peace, having, without interruption, upon the ranges of hills which embank the most notable portion of its course, oak-trees on one side and vine-trees on the other—signifying strength and joy.

For Homer the Rhine existed not; for Virgil it was only a frozen stream—*Frigora Rheni*; for Shakspeare it was the "beautiful Rhine;" for us it is, and will be till the day when the Rhine will be the grand question of Europe, a fashionable and picturesque excursion, the promenade of the unemployed of Ems, of Baden, and of Spa.

Petrarch visited Aix-la-Chapelle, but I do not think he has spoken of the Rhine.

The left bank of the Rhine belongs naturally to France; providence, at three different times, gave it the two banks, under Pepin le Bref, Charlemagne, and Napoleon. The empire of Pepin le Bref comprehended, properly speaking, France, with the exception of Aquitany and Gascony, and Germany, as far as Bavaria. The empire of Charlemagne was twice as large as that of Napoleon.

It is true that Napoleon had three empires, or, more plainly speaking, was emperor in three ways,—immediately and directly of France, and by his brothers, of Italy, Westphalia, and of Holland. Taken in this sense, the empire of Napoleon was at least equal to that of Charlemagne.

These emperors were Titans: they held for a moment the universe in their hands, but death caused them to relax their hold, and all fell.

The Rhine has had four distinct phases—first, the antediluvian epoch, volcanos; second, the ancient historical epoch, in which Cæsar shone; third, the marvellous epoch in which Charlemagne triumphed; fourth, the modern historical epoch, when Germany wrestled with France—when Napoleon for a time held his sway.

And now, to terminate by a last observation. The Rhine—providential flood—seems to be a symbolic stream. In its windings, in its course, in the midst of all that it traverses, it is, so speaking, the image of civilization, to which it has been so useful, and which it will still serve. It runs from Constance to Rotterdam; from the country of eagles to the village of herrings; from the city of popes, of councils, and of emperors, to the counter of the merchant and of the citizen; from the great Alps themselves, to that immense body of water which we call the ocean.

#### LETTER XV.

##### THE MOUSE.

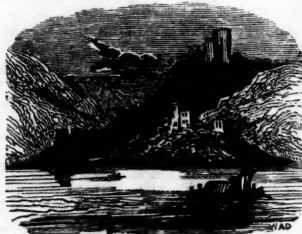
*Saint-Gour, Aug.*

On Saturday last, it rained the whole of the morning. I had taken my passage to Andernach by the Stadt Mannheim; but had not proceeded far up the Rhine, when suddenly—I do not know by what caprice, for ordinarily upon the lake of Constance, the south-west winds, the Favonius of Virgil and of Horace bring storms—the immense

opaque cloud which *pended* over our heads, burst, and began to disperse itself in all directions. Shortly after, the blue vault appeared resting upon the horizon; and a warm ray of noon caused the travellers to leave the cabin and hurry to the deck.

At that moment we passed, with vine on the one side, and oak trees on the other, before an old and picturesque village on the right bank of the river. It was that of Velmich, above which rose, almost vertically, one of those enormous banks of lava that resembled the cupola in its immeasurable proportions, or the fissure of the trunk of a tree when half-chopped by the hatchet of the woodman. Upon this volcanic mound stands the ruin of a superb feudal fortress. On the borders of the river, a group of young women were busily chatting and beating their linen in the rays of the sun.

This sight was too tempting. I could not pass without paying the ruin a visit; for I knew that it was that of Velmich;



the least esteemed and least frequented upon the Rhine. For the traveller, it is difficult of approach, and some say, dangerous; for the peasant, it abounds with spectres, and is the object of frightful tales. It is infested with living flames, which hide themselves by day in subterranean vaults, and at night become visible on the summit of the round tower. This enormous turret is an immense pit which descends far beneath the level of the Rhine. A Seigneur of Velmich, called Falkenstein,—a name fatal in the legends,—threw into this aperture, unshriven, whomsoever he pleased; it is now the troubled souls of those that were thus murdered who inhabit the castle. There was, at that epoch, in the steeple of Velmich, a silver bell, which was given by Winifred, Bishop of Mayenne, in the year 740,—memorable time, when Constantine the Sixth was emperor of Rome, at Constantinople. This bell was once rang for the prayers of forty hours, when a lord of Velmich was seriously ill, and his life despaired of. Falkenstein, who did not believe in God, and who even doubted the existence of the devil, being in want of money,

cast an envious look upon the handsome bell. He caused it to be taken from the church and brought to him. The prior of Velnich was much affected at the sacrilege; and went in sacerdotal habiliments, preceded by two children of the choir bearing the cross, to demand the bell. Falkenstein burst into a fit of laughter, crying—

"Ah, ah, you wish to have your bell, do you. Well, you shall have it; and I warrant it will never leave you more."

Thereupon, the bell was tied round the priest's neck; and both thrown into the pit of the tower. Then, upon the order of Falkenstein, large stones were thrown into the pit, filling up about sixty yards of it. A few days afterwards, Falkenstein fell suddenly ill; and when night came, the doctor and the astrologer who were watching, heard with terror the knell of the silver bell coming from the depths of the earth. Next morning, Falkenstein died. Since that time, as regularly as the years roll over, the silver bell is heard ringing under the mountains—warning the inhabitants of the anniversary of the death of Falkenstein. Such is one of the legends.

On the neighbouring mountain—that on the other side of the torrent of Velnich—is the entire tomb of an ancient giant; for the imagination of men—those men who have seen volcanoes, the great forges of nature—has put Cyclopes wherever the mountains smoked; thus giving to every Etna, a Polyphemus.

I began to ascend the ruins between the *souvenir* of Falkenstein, and that of the giant. I must tell you, that the best way was pointed out to me by the children of the village, for which service I allowed them to take some of the silver and copper coins of those people from my purse; things the most fantastic, yet still the most intelligible in the world.

The road is steep, but not at all dangerous, except to people subject to giddiness; or, perhaps, after excessive rains, when the ground and rocks are slippery. One thing sure is, that this ruin has one advantage over others upon the Rhine; that of being less frequented. No officious person follows you in your ascent; no exhibitor of spectres asks you to "remember him;" no rusty door stops you on your way; you climb, stride over the old ladder, hold on by the tufts of grass; no one helps, nor no one annoys you. At the expiration of twenty minutes, I reached the summit of the hill; and stopped at the threshold of the ruin. Behind me, was a steep ladder formed of green turf; before me, a lovely landscape; at my feet, the village; round the village, the Rhine; round the river, sombre mountains crowned by old castles; and round and above the mountains, a bright blue sky.

After having taken breath, I began to ascend the steep staircase. At that instant, the dismantled fortress appeared to me with such a tattered aspect,—an aspect so wild and formidable, that I would not have been the least surprised to have seen some supernatural form carrying flowers; for instance, Gela, the betrothed of Barberousse; or, Hildegard, the wife of Charlemagne, that amiable empress who was well acquainted with the occult virtues of herbs and of minerals, and whose foot often trod the mountains when she was in search of medicinal plants. I looked for a moment towards the north wall, with a sort of vague desire to see between the stones a host of hobgoblins, which are all "*over the north*," as the gnome said to Cunon of Sayn; or, as the three little old women sang in the legendary song:—

"Sur la tombe du géant  
J'ai cueilli trois brins d'orties;  
En fil les ai converties  
Prenez ma sœur ce present."

But I was forced to content myself without seeing or even hearing anything except the notes of a blackbird perched upon some adjoining rock.

I entered the ruins. The round tower, although the summit is partly dismantled, is still of a prodigious elevation. On all sides are immense walls with shattered windows, and rooms without doors or roofs; floors without stairs, and stairs without chambers. I have often admired the carefulness with which solitude keeps, encloses, and defends that which man has once abandoned. It disposes and thick-sets with care, on the very threshold, the strongest briars, the most stinging plants, nettles, brambles, thorns—in fact, shewing more nails and talons than there is in a menagerie of tigers.

I forgot to tell you that this huge ruin is called the Mouse. I will inform you how it received that appellation:—

In the twelfth century, there was nothing here but a small borough, which was always watched, and often molested by a strong castle called the Cat, situated at the distance of a league. Kuno de Falkenstein, to whom this paltry borough fell by heritage, razed it to the ground; and built a castle much larger than the neighbouring one; declaring that, "henceforth, it would be the mouse that would eat the cat."

He was right. The mouse, in fact, although now in ruins, is still a redoubtable godmother, with its haunches of lava and of basalt, and even entrails of that extinguished volcano, which, with seeming haughtiness, support it. I do not think that any person has ever dared to laugh at that mountain which brought forth a mouse.

I wandered about the ruins; first, in one room, then in another; admiring at one time the beautiful turret, then descending

into some cave, groping my way through some subterranean passage; then finding myself looking through an aperture which commanded a view of the Rhine.

The sun at last began to disappear; which is the hour for spectres and for phantoms. I was still in the ruins. Indeed, it seemed to me as if I had become a wild schoolboy. I wandered everywhere; I climbed up every acclivity; I turned over the large stones; I eat wild mulberries; I tried by my noise to bring the supernatural inhabitants from their hiding-places; and as I trod among the thick grass and herbs, I inhaled that acerb odour of the plants of old ruins, which I so much loved in my boyhood.

As the sun had descended behind the mountains, I was about to follow his example, when I was startled by something strange moving by my side. I leant forward. It was a lizard of an extraordinary size, about nine inches long, with an immense belly, a short tail, a head like that of a viper, black as jet, and was crouching slowly towards an opening in an old wall. That was the mysterious and solitary inhabitant of this ruin—an animal, at the same time real and fabulous—a salamander which looked at me with mildness as it entered its hole.

#### LETTER XVI.

*St. Goar, Aug.*

I COULD not leave this ruin; several times I began to descend, then I ascended again. Nature, like a smiling mother, indulges us in our dreams and in our caprices.

At length, when leaving the Mouse, the idea struck me to apply my ear to the basement of the large tower. I did so, trusting to hear some noise, yet scarcely flattering myself so much as to imagine that Winifred's bell would deign to awake itself for me. At that moment, O wonder of wonders! I heard—yes, heard with mine own ears—a vague, metallic sound, an indistinct humming of a bell, gliding through the crepuscule, and, seemingly, coming from beneath the tower. I confess that this strange noise brought vividly to my memory the lines of Hamlet to Horatio; but suddenly I was recalled from the world of chimeras to that of reality. I soon discovered that it was the Ave Maria of some village, floating over the evening breeze. It mattered not. All that I had to do was to believe and say that I heard the mysterious silver bell of Velmich ringing under the mountain.

As I left the north moat, which is now a thorny ravine, the tomb of the giant suddenly presented itself. From the point where I stood, the rock figures, at the base of the mountain, close to the Rhine, the colossal profile of a head, hanging backwards, with open mouth. One is apt to say that the

giant, who, according to the legend, lies there, crushed under the weight of the mountain, was about to raise the enormous mass, and that, on his head appearing between the rocks, an Apollo, or a St. Michael, put his foot upon the mountain, and crushed the monster, who expired in that posture, uttering a fearful shriek, which is lost in the darkness of forty ages; but the mouth still remains open.

I must declare that neither the giant, the silver bell, nor the spectre of Falkenstein, prevents the vine and weeds to mount from terrace to terrace, near the Mouse. So much the worse for the phantoms of this country of the grape; for the people do not hesitate to destroy the vine that clusters round their dismantled dwelling to procure themselves the wherewith to make wine.

But the stranger, even the most thirsty, must be cautious how he plucks the fruit, to him forbidden. At Velmich, we are in the duchy of M. de Nassau, and the laws of Nassau are rigorous respecting such country sports. The delinquent, if caught, is forced to pay a sum equivalent to the depredations or "delights," of all those who were lucky enough to escape. A short time ago, an English tourist plucked and ate a plum, for which he had to pay fifty florins.

Wishing to proceed to St. Goar, which is upon the left bank, I inquired my way of a mountebank of the village, who gave me directions in a gibberish which, of course, I did not understand; for, instead of going by the road which runs by the river, I took that which led to the mountain. After walking for a considerable time, I at length came in view of the Rhine; then, through the fog, I saw a group of houses, with faint lights glimmering in the windows—it was St. Goar.

(To be continued.)

#### Miscellaneous.

##### THE TUITION OF ANIMALS IN MENAGERIES.

EDUCATIONAL tuition of animals has to begin (like that of man himself) by means of the two higher senses, the sight and hearing. Animals understand very nicely the expression of the human eye, and a dog may be expelled a room by the mere eyeing of his master, no motion of the hand or use of the voice being required. The animal tutor ought, therefore, first to fix the eye of his pupil with his own. Animals of some natural capacity—for instance, my favourites the black felis of Ceylon, or the solar bear—possess this quality in an eminent degree; but when I endeavoured to fix the eye of several of the tigers, lions, or hyenas, it would not do. They either paid no atten-

tion at all to my nodding, or they blinked and blinked, and declined, as it were, any further communication. Still, I am convinced that this could be overcome in a few days, especially by the person who feeds, and waters, and attends them. After the dulness and shyness of the animal eye is changed for the better, or even conjointly with it, education by the sense of hearing is to be resorted to. On that account every animal in a menagerie ought to receive its own name, even so far down as the tortoise, and certainly all birds, except where so many are kept together in one cage that it would create confusion. Animals in contiguous cages also ought not to receive the same names, as this would mar the efficacy of the aim to be attained. The reason of giving names to our most intimate friends of the animal kingdom, I mean dogs and horses, is one based on deep grounds; and I myself succeeded in the Brazils in speedily taming a horse, whose education had been greatly neglected, by accustoming it to my voice, and giving it a certain name, which was applied to it in an angry or kind manner, according to its deeds. The easiest way to impress a name on the memory of an animal is by calling it so when food is given to him, which, if always done by the same person, will greatly accelerate the intended operation. I consider any one a fool who permits a stranger to ride a horse which he requires to use on perilous occasions, whereas I have found that a horse attached to his master will obey him with unbounded confidence.

When I visited the Paris menageries several years ago, the public were excluded from the carnivora at the time of their being fed, which was probably done for the reason, that a nation, some of whom had committed such horrors as those perpetrated during the raging of the revolutionary fever, should not witness scenes of animal voracity, the tearing of bloody flesh, &c. If we, however, consider that cases have lately occurred in London which, albeit individual, border on the atrocities of the above period,—for instance, acts of assassination and suicide in the midst of day and the open street,—the expediency of admitting the public to those scenes of dilaniation and rapacity may, after all, be called into question.

However this may be, the feeding is the period when the taming and educating all wild animals can be most efficaciously undertaken. I have found, however, that the attendants, instead of acting on that principle, tease, exasperate, and still more ferocise the animals, when they hand them their food. It is obvious that such behaviour is the cause (either mediate or immediate) of some of those dreadful accidents which happen at times with the large carnivora,

either in menageries or other public exhibitions. I believe therefore, that, taking all the above into consideration, it would be highly expedient and advantageous if owners of menageries would give a yearly price or prices to such of the attendants as have succeeded best to tame and educate animals under their care; provided also, that by so doing they should not unnecessarily encounter any risk to themselves, or force it by any but appropriate means, the nearer qualification of which is matter of detail.

But if the keeping of most animals had not been effected hitherto but in a manner either negligent or even cruel, the keeping of one species of animals has completely failed with us, because we have considered that as a mere animal which certainly (even according to Lamarck) is more than an animal, or is different from the animal—I mean the orang-outang and chimpanzee. It would be out of place to recite the different deeds performed by different individuals of that order, as they are to be found in French books, of even a most popular kind. Yet we cannot but repeat what Isidore de St. Hilaire says—"Un adolescent d'inpree jépet que n'ent certainement pas aussi raisonnable que l'ont un chimpanzee de trois ans." The orang-outang being therefore a superior animal, will never prosper or live with us if not treated as such, if not educated as such. The first specimen of the kind I ever saw, and saw cruelly and infamously murdered, was that in the gardens of the Zoological Society. If any nurse or tutor should have studied hard to kill a child by nervous spasms and hysterics, they could not have done better than the attendant of that poor creature did. He or she (I don't know which) had been accustomed to cover itself with a blanket, either for the sake of cold or fancy. By continually taking this blanket away, and perhaps other means, (unknown to me,) that human beast had succeeded in working the poor individual up to such a pitch of rage and excitement, that it madly threw itself on the straw, and rebounded, as it were, in its nervous fits. Soon after I saw it thus it died. With the exception of the torturing of negroes in the Brazils, I never saw a scene so revolting as this. The other one, lately of the Royal Zoological Gardens, died broken-hearted on his friend and guardian being separated from him. It can be therefore considered as granted, that, under present circumstances and present management, none of them will live amongst us—a superior animal not to live amongst men, because they are not advanced enough to treat it appropriately. If chance, therefore, should cast another of these individuals amongst us, another way of proceeding ought to be adopted. The best would, perhaps, be to give him up to the charge of some intelligent, good lad,

youth and flexibility being allied. He ought to be instructed to treat him as he would a little child, to try to improve and educate him gradually. There can be no question that any orang will learn a variety of manual performances and attainments, as they have been known already to fetch water, light a fire, &c. Consequently we can stop here, without expatiating upon what the orang will do more.—*The Polytechnic Journal.*

### THE IRISH LANGUAGE—ITS BEAUTY AND ANTIQUITY.

THE Irish is a language very rational and beautiful in its philosophy, and far less difficult to learn than is imagined, its grammar being reducible to a few simple elements, which are capable of very extensive application. The alphabet originally consisted of sixteen simple elements, and in this respect, as well as in the form of several of the characters, bore the impress of its Phœnician descent, in common with the Cœkiberian, the Etruscan, and the Cadmean Greek. The letters have a relative position different from those of all other alphabets. The Irish is certainly the best preserved, as it is the purest of all the Celtic dialects. It contains written remains, transmitted from so remote an antiquity, that the language has become nearly altogether unintelligible; MSS. of a date so old that they had become ancient in the fourth and fifth centuries, and required a gloss, which gloss has since become nearly as obsolete as the work which it was designed to expound. To the archæologist, to those who would inquire into the origin, the descent, and the affinities of the older nations of western Europe, it is of the highest value; its utility has long been acknowledged by some of the most eminent writers of this and of the neighbouring continental nations; Camden, Usher, Bochart, Menage, Aldret, Leibnitz, Lhuyd, Dr. Johnson, Vallancy, and Betham, have amply testified by their eulogies their appreciation of a language which once pervaded a large portion of Europe. "The Ibero Celtic," says Bochart, "contains more pure Celtic than the Welsh, Armoric, or Basque, and approaches more to the Celtic of the Scythæ." "I am of opinion," writes Leibnitz, "that for the completion or the sure promotion of Celtic literature, a knowledge of the Irish language must be diligently preserved." Testimonials of this description might be multiplied manifold. Yet against this language, so prized, the policy of the English mediæval government was for centuries directed in unceasing hostility. Its use was prohibited by severe penalties; which, however, so far from proving effective, seemed but to spread that "degene-

racý" amongst the Anglo-Norman settlers, which finally gave them the character of being more Irish than the Irish—"Hibernicis Hiberniores." Queen Elizabeth, with a good sense not participated in by her chief minister, although that minister was the great Burleigh, saw that in giving that education to the people which she intended when she founded Trinity College, her purpose would be aided through the medium of their spoken language, and suggested the appointment of an Irish professorship. But the idea found no favour with her premier. "What!" said Burleigh, "encourage a language more nearly allied to canine barking than the articulation human!" and he illustrated his most calumnious assertion by pronouncing, as a specimen, the cacophonous alliteration, "Dibh, dubh, damh, obh, amh," pronounced Div, duv, dav, ov, av, i.e., "a black steer drank a raw egg." The unhappy phrase lost to the University the intended professorship, and to literature such benefit as might have resulted from it. But against a weapon of this description, no language would be invulnerable. The English tongue itself should be doomed for giving utterance to such a Pierian gargle as "strange straggling steers struggled in strenuous strife."—*Mr. and Mrs. Hall's Ireland.*

### HORSE CHARMING.

EVERYBODY has heard of Thomas the Whisperer, who used to subdue the wildest and most ungovernable animals by (it was imagined) whispering to them. The secret, it is supposed, has come accidentally to light, and any man may now break in and subdue his own horse without risk or uncertainty. Mr. Catlin, in his singular work on the North American Indians, describes these people as taming the wild buffalo calves, and the wild horses, by merely breathing a few strong breaths into their nostrils. The account so greatly interested a Mr. Ellis, not a horse-trainer but a Bachelor of Arts, that being on a visit in Yorkshire he availed himself of the opportunity to try the experiment. We give the result in his own words:—

"Saturday, February 12, 1842.—While the last experiments were being tried on the yearling, W. espied B., a farmer and tenant, with several men, at the distance of some fields, trying most ineffectually, on the old system, to break-in a horse. W. proposed to go down and shew him what effect had been produced on the yearling. When the party arrived at the spot they found that B. and his men had tied their filly short up to a tree in the corner of a field, one side of which was walled and the other hedged in. W. now proposed to B. to tame his horse after the new method.



B. who was aware of the character of his horse, anxiously warned W. not to approach it, cautioning him especially against the fore-feet, asserting that it would rear and strike him with the fore-feet as it had lamed his own (B.'s) thigh just before they had come up. W. therefore proceeded very cautiously. He climbed the wall and came at the horse through the tree, to the trunk of which he clung some time, that he might secure a retreat in case of need. Immediately on his touching the halter the horse pranced about, and finally pulled with a dogged and stubborn expression, which seemed to bid W. defiance. Taking advantage of this, W. leaned over as far as he could, clinging all the time to the tree with his hand, and succeeded in breathing into one nostril, without, however, being able to blind the eyes. From that moment all became easy. W., who is very skilful in the management of a horse, coaxed it and rubbed its face, and breathed from time to time into its nostrils, while the horse offered no resistance. In about ten minutes W. declared his conviction the horse was subdued; and he then unfastened it, and to the great and evident astonishment of B. (who had been trying all the morning in vain to get a mastery over it) led it quietly away with a loose halter. Stopping in the middle of the field, and with no one else near, W. quietly walked up to the horse, placed his arm over one eye and his hand over the other, and breathed into the nostrils. It was pleasing to observe how agreeable this operation appeared to the horse, who put up his nose to receive the puff. In this manner W. led the horse through all the fields to the stable-yard, where he examined the fore-feet and then the hind feet of the horse, who offered no resistance, but while W. was examining the hind-feet, bent its neck round, and kept nosing W.'s back. He next buckled on a surcingle, and then a saddle, and finally bitted the horse with a rope. During the whole of these operations the horse did not offer the slightest resistance, nor did it flinch in the least degree."

Mr. Ellis had the opportunity of trying this singular experiment upon only two occasions. In both, however, he was thoroughly successful. He has published the particulars in order that gentlemen, farmers, trainers, and others, may try an experiment which, at all events, involves neither cost, risk of expense, nor loss of time.

#### COLOURED LADIES.

AMONG the passengers in the ladies' cabin were three coloured females, going from Mobile to Montgomery, whose position was very remarkable. They were not Ne-

gresses, but Mulattoes, of dark brown colour, and strongly-marked African features, and appeared to be sisters or relatives. They were each dressed much more expensively than either of the white ladies on board; silks, lace, and feathers, with ornaments of jewellery of various kinds, being worn by them. They slept on the cabin floor, as the coloured servants usually do, no berth or bed-place being assigned them; and they occupied a good hour at their toilette, with the white stewardess, before the ladies were moving. They remained sitting in the cabin all day, as if they were on a footing of perfect equality with the white passengers; but when meal time came, then was seen the difference. The order in which the meals were taken in the steam-vessel was this: at the first bell, the captain and all the white passengers sat down; when these had all finished and left the table, a second bell summoned the pilot, the captain's clerk, all the white men of the engineer's department, the white stewardess, and such white servants or subordinates as might be on board; and when these had finished, a third bell summoned the black steward and all the mulattoes and coloured servants to take their meal. So equivocal, however, was the position of the coloured ladies, that they could not be placed at either of the tables; they were not high enough in rank to be seated with the whites, and they were too high to be seated with the blacks and mulattoes; so they had to retire to the pantry, where they took their meals standing; and the contrast of their finery in dress and ornament with the place in which they took their isolated and separate meal, was painfully striking. What rendered it more so, to me, at least, was this, that however a man might yearn to break down these barriers which custom and prejudice has raised against a certain race, the exhibition of any such feeling, or the utterance of any such sentiment, would undoubtedly injure the very parties for whom his sympathy might be excited, or on whose behalf it might be expressed.—*Buckingham's Slave States of America.*

#### The Gatherer.

*Description of Ancient English Meals.*—The two meals a day, introduced into England at the Norman conquest, and ostensibly at least maintained for so long a period among the aristocracy, had now in general been increased to four. These were, breakfast, which was taken at seven o'clock in the morning, dinner at ten, supper at four in the afternoon, and "liveries," which consisted of a collation taken in bed between eight and nine in the evening. The breakfast, although taken

so early in the morning, was a meal of the most substantial description; but we must remember that those who partook of it had generally been actively employed for three hours previous. Thus, from the "Northumberland Family Book," which, although a document not strictly belonging to the present period, may be safely held in this instance to describe a custom of some standing, we find that a breakfast for an earl and his countess, during four days of a week in Lent, was, first, a loaf of bread in trenches, two manchets—that is, two loaves of the finest flour, weighing six ounces apiece—a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six baconed herrings, four white herrings, or a dish of sproits; forming certainly a liberal commencement of a day of mortification in Lent. On flesh days, the fish at table was commuted for half a chine of mutton, or a chine of beef, boiled. The liveries, although taken in bed, were of the same abundant and substantial character. The Earl Percy and his countess, at this meal, had two manchets, a loaf of household bread, a gallon of beer, and a quart of wine; the latter beverage being warmed and spiced.—*Pictorial History of England.*

*Contrivances of Animals.*—As Dr. Darwin was walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen; and then, taking up with its feet the trunk, or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away; but a breeze of wind, acting on the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this, it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing, and then another; and, having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty. Here we have contrivance and recontrivance—a resolution, accommodated to the case, judiciously formed and executed; and, on the discovery of a new impediment, a new plan adopted, by which final success was obtained. There is, undoubtedly, something more than instinct in all this.—*Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.*

Tony Lee, a player in Charles the Second's reign, being killed in a Tragedy, having a violent cold, could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the stage, which occasioning much laughter and noise in the house, he lifted up his head, and, addressing himself to the audience, said, "This makes good what my poor mother used to tell me, for she would often say that I should cough in my grave." This set the house in a roar, and everyone pardoned the solecism he had before committed.

A French marquis having received several blows over his shoulders with a stick, which he never thought of resenting, a friend asked him how he could possibly reconcile it with his honour to suffer them to pass without notice. "Poh," said the marquis, "I never trouble myself with anything that passes behind my back."

Napoleon's hat once fell off at a review, when a young lieutenant stepped forward, picked it up, and returned it to him. "Thank you, Captain," said the Emperor. "In what regiment, sire?" retorted the Sub, quick as lightning. Napoleon smiled, passed on, and forthwith had the lucky youth promoted to the step of his ambition.

*John Newton.*—"I see in this world," said John Newton, "two heaps of human happiness and misery; now if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap, and add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child dropped a halfpenny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something, and I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this."

*Advice to Travellers in Tropical Climates.*—Be careful to avoid exposure to the vertical sun and the night fogs, and never have your head uncovered to the rays of the sun. Eat often of food not too highly seasoned. Drink small quantities of weak spirits and water. Never begin a journey, nor visit the sick, on an empty stomach. Avoid acids and astringents while in health. Do not sleep in a current of air, nor be exposed to the sun's or the moon's rays, and do not sleep in the night breeze. Do not induce fatigue by rapid riding, or violent exercise. Be careful that you do not suddenly check perspiration. Avoid a long draught of water when you are warm, or in a state of perspiration. Let the evacuations be regular, but use not drastics. Do not indulge in alkaline drinks, such as soda-water; they debilitate the functions of the stomach in warm climates. Never remain in wet clothes, nor with wet head or feet. If unwell, have immediate recourse to warm gruel, tea, &c., to induce a free flow of perspiration. Supplicate Divine assistance to keep you in a care-taking and serene disposition of mind.—*Polytechnic Journal.*

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Two Brothers," "J. W.," "E. W. R.," "L. M. T.," "J. M.," "Z.," "A. L.," "R. R. W.," "T. - I.,"—declined, with thanks.  
Received, "W. - B."

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